

THIS IS WHERE YOU LEFT ME

Regret.

Disgust.

Shame.

The look in your
eyes as you walked
out the door.

The metallic taste of
my heart
in my throat
before it falls through
my chest and shatters
on the
cold
tile floor.

This is where
you left me,
never bothering to
look at the mess
you made.
Never bothering to
look at the
pieces you so
carelessly left behind.

And so,
with my shaking
hands,
I slowly pick

up the glass shards,
whispering love to
myself.

Whispering about
the love you
never
gave me.

Piece by piece,
I put my heart back
together,
but the result
is an uneven
jagged
object
with missing
parts and
scars that will
never heal.

This is what's
left of me.
A broken
heart
in the hands
of a
broken
girl.